

THE WIRE TAPPERS

"He is a cruel and cunning and bitterly vindictive man," she said, evading the question. "And if he determined to crush a person, he would do it, although it took him twenty years."

"Then I certainly *shall* kill him!" declared Durkin, shaken with a sudden unreasoning sweep of white passion.

It was not until he had half finished his luncheon that his steadiness of nerve came back to him. Frances pleaded with him not to drink so much, but for once he seemed to find solace in a second bottle of Chateau Yquem. Here he had been shadowing the shadower, step by step and move by move, and all along, even in those moments when he had taken such delight in covertly and unsuspectingly watching his quarry, a second shadow had been secretly and cunningly stalking his own steps!

"It will be a fight to the finish, whatever happens!" he declared belligerently, still harping on the string of his new unhappiness.